Numb. 3.

The TORY TATLER.

Parcere Perſonis, dicere de Vitijs.

From *Wedneſday November* 29. to *Friday December* 1. 1710.

From Tom's *Coffee-House in* Devereux-Court, Nov. 28.

The PROGRESS of LOVE.

BY Nature Womankind was form'd to pleaſe,
But wounds by regular and ſlow Degrees:
We teach our Eyes at firſt the Ogling Art,
And truſt thoſe wanton Traitors with the Heart;
Next in ſoft Languiſhments our Paſſions break,
Looks are made Vocal, and the Geſtures Speak;
Hence we pro ceed to higher Steps of Bliſs,
And gently touch the Hands we mean to kiſs;
Sweet murm'ring Sounds are taught to tell our Woes,
And Perjuries are guilded o'er in Vows:
This done; The ruder Sports of Love begin,
And Liberty obtain'd lets Bondage in;
The Purple Balmy Lip we wander o'er,
And boldly raviſh what we ſtole before;
The Cheat ſhews lovely, and our Fancy ſtill
Finds ſeeming Happineſs in certain ill:
No ſooner are we bound in Wedlock's Chain,
But Honey Moon begins apace to wain;
The Matrimonial Muſick ceaſes there,
Or riſes into Notes too ſhrill to bear;
In ſuch loud Keys the Angry Female ſings,
She drowns all Pleaſures but the Wealth ſhe brings.

This Copy of Verſes was given me here by one of my Kinſmen, who has a ſmall Knack at Poetry, and to do him Juſtice, the Nature and Symptoms of Love are perfectly well hit and purſu'd through the whole Piece, which, however ſeaſon'd with a Spice of modern Wit, ſeems very well turn'd, and may be allow'd a Model of correct Writing in this Kind.

The Paſſion of Love, as there deſcribed and underſtood in the ſimplicity of the Notion, is attended with a ſucceſſive train of pleaſing Inquietudes and a conſtant Viciſſitude of Hopes and Fears; there is a gradual Riſe and Advancement, that inſenſibly leads on to Fruition, and the Participation of preſent Joys, brightens up the Proſpect of thoſe to come. A calm uninterrupted Amour flattens and grows inſipid; there muſt be ſome Diſturbance to make way for Rapture; 'Tis the Pleaſure of gaining upon Affection by degrees, the Tranſport ariſing from the Removal of Difficulties, the ſoothing Softneſs of Reconcilements after Quarrels and the myſterial Joy of not dividing with any the Sweetneſs of a tender Commerce, which conſtitute the Soul and Spirit of Love. It's dead without them, loſes its very Eſſence and is no longer Gallantry or Intrigue, but down right Marriage. But as we manage it now a Days, however the Form may remain, the Thing is evaporated; there is nothing more to be done, than to write a Billedeaux, meet at *Roſamond*'s Pond, then away to the World's End or ſome private Lodging, and there's an End of the whole Buſineſs; whether with or without the Parſon is not much matter: Thus that noble Heavenly-born Flame, which no Man can define, but every one is ſenſible of ſome Time or other in the Courſe of his Life, and which poliſhes him more in a Month than an Univerſity would in ten Years, is utterly loſt and extinguiſh'd: The Men are grown fond of getting Fortunes, and the Women of marrying Fools: From this Source it proceeds that ſo many inconſiſtent Matches are made every Day; and that People come together they know not how nor why; which has inſenſibly brought Marriage into Contempt, and made that Inſtitution appear odious and frightful, which, if conſider'd in its Purity, is the richeſt Beatitude that ever God beſtow'd on Man. Did we in our Addreſſes to the Ladies purſue the pure Dictates of natural Paſſion, we ſhould treaſure up an unexhauſtible Fund of Love to be employ'd in mutual Fondneſs ever after, and cultivate in each other ſuch tender, kind and laſting Impreſſions, as time it ſelf could not eraſe: But we go, it ſeems, the wrong way to work by divers and ſundry Means, among which, none diverts me more than the Humour of thoſe Romantick Spirits, who endeavour to bully their Miſtreſſes into a good Eſteem of them, and by a ſide Wind ſort of Menace frighten them into Love; theſe are *Cupid*'s Bravo's, who know no better Way to recommend themſelves, than by appearing downright Madmen: *Emilia*, who is a Lady, that has all the innocent Gallantry with the ſtricteſt Chaſtity of her Sex, communicated a Letter to me which ſhe receiv'd the other Day from a very Deſperate *Inamarato*; this *Quixotonian* writes in the following Manner,

Madam,

SEeing you laſt Night at the Play, I was ſo much ſtruck with your Charms, that I cannot be happy without having you, and have you, by

Jove

Jove, *I muſt ; This I am ſo firmly reſolv'd upon, that if I can hear of any Fellow, who is ſo impudently preſumptive as to make the leaſt Pretence to you, Perdition ſeize me, if I dont ſhoot him through the Head,*

Yours, *&c.*

Furioſo.

With what an aſpiring Genius was this Man influenc'd? How forcibly muſt Love enter into his Heart with his whole collected Powers to produce ſuch irreſiſtable Oratory? Or to fall into a more familiar Way of talking, was not this Rhodomontade very facetious and extraordinary? Or might not our young Fellows, who generally run into the ſame Strain, where they meet a Rival, as well accoſt their Miſtreſſes thus.

Madam,

To convince you how well I love you, I am reſolv'd to murder any one whom you do but ſeem to love; and (by a neceſſary Conſequence,) ſhould you love your ſelf too much, you muſt expect to be ſhot too. I have ſo great a Reſpect for you, that I wiſh all Mankind beſides may hate you; that you may be ſufficiently perſuaded of my Merit, I ſhall take care to perſuade the reſt of the World that I am a Blockhead; and that I may the more *certainly* gain you at laſt, I am determin'd to be hang'd for you at firſt.

Notwithſtanding ſome ſeeming Inconſiſtances in this Manner of Reaſoning, I have yet known when ſuch Arguments have prov'd very cogent and effectual; but whereas I have in all Things my Country's Weal at Heart, and am well ſatisfy'd that Lovers of this Altitude are dangerous Members to the Commonwealth.

From my own Apartment.

Tenet inſanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes. Hor.

There never was in *England* ſo great a Conſumption of that uſeful Manufacture, call'd Paper, as is at preſent, which conſiderably augments her Majeſties Revenues; but yet I know not how, notwithſtanding the fruitful Harveſt we have had of publick Labours, there has of late been a prodigious Fatality in the learned World, which may, I believe, in ſome meaſure be attributed to that unnatural Diſaffectedneſs and civil Diſcord which reigns among the Writers of this Age. I have for this Reaſon enter'd into a Reſolution of publiſhing from time to time, as Occaſions ſerves, a Bill of Mortality for Authors. My Account at preſent, according to the beſt Calculation I have been able to make for three or four Months paſt ſtands thus:

Dy'd of the Heart-burn and Choler	7
Of Heavineſs in the Head	17
Of a Dropſical Voluminouſneſs	9
Of Emptineſs	21
Of down-right Dullneſs	93
Of Godlineſs, *viz. A Golden Chain of Thoughts*	1
Of the Palſie, *viz. Written by a Quaker*	1
Cenſur'd for Blaſphemy	2
Damn'd for Pilfering and *Petty Larceneis*	46
Still-born	80
Abortive	88
Expir'd within the Month	235
Of hard Words	13
Of Nonſenſe	15
Of unintelligable Senſe	51
Of Lunacy, *viz.* Mr. *Aſgill*	1
Of Pedantry, *viz. Bentivoglio*	1
Of Scandal, *viz. Memoirs*	3
Of eaſie Verſe	2
Dy'd in a Dream, *viz.* Sir *Heiſter Ryley*	1
Of not being known	4
Of being known	14
Sum Total	705

Tho' theſe may be thought at firſt Sight whimſical Diſeaſes, they are ſuch as many Authors are ſubject to, and of a very dangerous Nature; ſeveral of the Deceas'd dy'd even under *Jacob Tonſon*'s Care, and my Honeſt Friend *Abel*, tho' he muſt be allow'd to be an excellent Midwife, has yet fail'd more than once.

Whereas the Town appears leſs ſatisfy'd than was expected, with thoſe Productions I have oblig'd them with at my own Expence, I have Reaſon to believe that the great Streſs laid upon my Pocket has been in ſome Meaſure detrimental to my Head, and that to impoſe ſo high a Duty upon the one muſt of neceſſity be prejudicial to the flouriſhing State of the other: You are therefore deſir'd to take your Share of the Burden next Week, which I hope you'll be the rather inclin'd to do, becauſe I then intend to ſet out with new Spirit, Vigour and an irreſiſtable Power of Pleaſing; which Succeſs I promiſe my ſelf from a certain political Charm I have lately found out that never yet fail'd to ingage.

Advertiſement.

In the Preſs, and will ſpeedily be publiſh'd,

✝*✝ *A very learned Treatiſe, ſhewing the the Original Progreſs and Deſign of* The TORY TATLER, *together with the Natural Tendency it has to the ſupporting Publick Credit, the Uniting the Affections of her Majeſty's Subjects, and the Securing the Proteſtant Succeſſion; wherein likewiſe will be more fully made appear the* vaſt Advantages that will accrue to ſuch *as ſhall take it in; the like was never known in* England. *The whole is ſeriouſly recommended to the Peruſal of* the Publick *in a* Preface *by Mr.* Le Clerc, *containing a* Modern Anſwer *to all the Objections that have or ſhall be made to* this Paper.

Sold by *John Baker* at the *Black Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*